Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade,
But if blacke ſcandale or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre *I* am from the deſire thereof.
May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo you ſhall but ſay the truth,
Buc. Then I ſalute you with the kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Mai. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutches of Gloſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sifter well met, whether away ſo faſt?
Dut.Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as *I* gueſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter all togither.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Maiſter Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly chargde the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. *I* cry you mercie, *I* meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord Protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me?

I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am theirs father mother, and will ſee them.
Dut.Glo. Their Aunt *I* am in law, in loue their mother:
Then feare not thou ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I do beſeech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, *I* may not do it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meete you Ladies an houre hence,
And ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt go with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned Richards royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe ſound
With this dead killing newes.
Dor. Madame, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt outſtrip death, goe croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* curſe,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell *Madam*,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time:
You ſhall haue letters from me to my ſonne.
To meete you on the way, and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill diſpearſing wind of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cocatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnavoided eye is murtherous.
San. Come *Madam*, *I* in all haſt was ſent for.
Duch. And *I* in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,